

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Corper.*



FRANKLIN SPRANG FORWARD AND SEIZED THE SQUIRE'S HORSE BY THE BRIDLE.

THE FRANKLINS;

OR, THE STORY OF A CONVICT.

CHAPTER IV.—AN OLD FARM-HOUSE, AND A YOUNG FARMER WHO KNEW MORE THAN WAS GOOD FOR HIM.

ONE autumnal morning, as the hands of the old-fashioned clock in the kitchen of "The Lees" pointed to seven, William Franklin and his household sat down to breakfast. The party consisted of himself, his young wife, to whom he had been only two years married, and whose lap was now burdened by a stout chubby boy of a year old; his widowed mother, an ailing, anxious-looking

woman, of some sixty summers, whose whole life, from the day of her early espousals, had been spent in the old farm-house, and who, when her husband died, ten years ago, first carried on the business of the farm for her son, then about eighteen years of age, and still remained as his housekeeper, and the adviser and helper of her inexperienced daughter-in-law; and a maid-servant of mature age, who had been some years a fixture in the establishment.

The early meal, though confusedly spread on the undamasked oaken table, around which the farmer and his family were seated, was ample in quantity and good of

its sort. Tea and coffee were absent—the latter beverage being unknown at "The Lees," except by name, and the former, at twelve shillings a pound, being reserved for the Sunday supper-time of the two Mrs. Franklins; but a huge skillet of new milk, just taken when at the boil from the fire, was poured into a large pan, over a mass of broken bread, from which pan each of the party helped himself or herself at pleasure—basins and spoons being implied in this arrangement.

This was but the first course, however, the slops, as the boiled milk may be denominated, being only a whet for the appetite, to regale itself afterwards upon the cold pork, nearly six inches thick in solid fat, cold vegetables (the remains of yesterday's dinner), hard and chalky-looking home-made cheese, and loaf of very brown bread, with which the aforesaid smoking dish was flanked. In addition to these substantial items in the bill of fare, was a large stone jug of table-beer, just brought up foaming from the cellar, and intended for washing down and assisting to digest the various solids of the feast. Such, oh ye degenerate farmers and farmers' wives of this present time, was the quality of the meal with which your progenitors commenced the dietary of the day.

The kitchen in which the table was thus spread was a large but low-pitched apartment, the walls and ceiling of which had become, by lapse of time since they were white-washed, and by constant smoke, a rich brown colour, in some parts approaching even to blackness. A long, narrow window of quarry-paned glass opened into the straw-yard, and admitted the compound odours of the stable, cow-house, and pig-sty, together with the grunting and squealing of a whole tribe of pigs, then running loose. Two men were at work in this yard, loading a dung cart, which operation added to the ammoniacal smells which pervaded the room. But farmers were not squeamish in those days.

The furniture and adornments of William Franklin's breakfast-room may be passed over without any particular notice, except on two points, one of which concerns the immediate progress of this history, while the other will throw some light on the character or opinions of the young farmer.

Over a door, then, which, if opened, would have disclosed a steep flight of stairs, leading to the sleeping apartments above, was a wooden rack, evidently intended as a rest for fire-arms. Two spaces in this rack were occupied, one by an old blunderbuss, which probably was a venerable heir-loom, and had done execution in the civil wars, but was now past service, except, perhaps, for the scaring of birds; the other space, just below, was filled by a single-barrelled fowling-piece, so long in the barrel as to give an indication of wild-duck shooting, although it was neither long enough nor heavy enough for a legitimate duck-gun. Great care had been taken of this fowling-piece, as was manifested by the high polish of the stock, and the unsullied brightness, undisfigured by a single speck of rust, of the flint-lock (percussions were then unknown) and barrel. Beneath this space, however, was a third, then unoccupied; while on an arm of the rack hung a heavy shot-belt and a powder-horn.

The other point to which reference has been made, was the contents of a book-shelf, which hung over another door, opening into a small and rarely-used parlour. This shelf was laden with about a dozen volumes—an old Bible and an equally ancient book of Common Prayer being among the number. A more modern Gardener's Calendar and a Farmer's *Vade Mecum*, a Book of Farriery, and a Treatise on Sporting, made up the first half-

dozen volumes of the scanty library. It is to one or two of the remaining half, however, to which we must call a moment's attention. The first of these was entitled "The Age of Reason," by Thomas Paine; the second, a work by the same author, called "The Rights of Man;" and the third was a "History of the (then recent) French Revolution," and written in vindication of the actors in that terrible convulsion. These works had been carefully read and studied, as was evidenced by the thumbed and dog-eared condition of their pages. To avoid unnecessary periphrasis, I will admit at once that William Franklin was the student; and a paragraph or two here respecting this young farmer may save future explanations and breaks in the current of our narrative.

Young Franklin, then, was both intelligent and mentally active. He was also tolerably well educated—better, at least, than the ordinary run of lads in his station of life in those days, although in some respects his education had been lamentably deficient, and in others ill-directed. Always struggling himself, or witnessing and sharing in the struggles of others, against that respectable poverty which I take to be the hardest kind of poverty to be born in, his mind was warped into dissatisfaction; and he would have been gloomily morose if constitutional cheerfulness had not stepped in to qualify his acquired misanthropy. It did not remove it, however; and many circumstances had combined to heightened his susceptibility, not only of what he conceived to be his own wrongs, but the wrongs of others.

For Franklin had suffered wrong. The heavy mortgage on his ancestral estate had thrown him into the power of men who knew how, and did not scruple to abuse that power to their own advantage and to his heavy loss: this was the first wrong. The second was, perhaps, more fancied, but not the less grievous. Occasionally he was cast into the society of, or brought into collision with men of higher rank and station than his own, but with far less brains and sterling character. By such men he was sometimes bullied, and at other times treated with insolent condescension, until his blood boiled, and his tongue gave words to sentiments which, to say the least of them, had better been left unuttered.

Of all men around him, the squire of "The Oaks" had made himself especially obnoxious to William Franklin. His attempts, both open and covert, to obtain possession of the poor half-tilled farm, which was all the dearer to the young farmer as it seemed to be slipping out of his grasp; the watchful eye kept upon him by the squire's gamekeepers, as he walked over his paternal acres with his gun; and a difference in political sentiments, stretching on the one side to High Toryism, and on the other to what was then called rank Jacobinism, and carried out on both sides to violent partisanship—all these things, and some others, had inspired Franklin with a bitter detestation of Miles Oakley, not less unreasonable and sinful than was the squire's hearty hatred towards the young farmer.

It was in vain that Franklin's mother and his young wife sometimes endeavoured to soften down the rancour of his feelings, by reminding him that the squire of "The Oaks" had numerous good qualities to compensate for the misfortune of his being born to wealth and station; he argued that these showy qualities (he would not acknowledge them to be good) only gave the greater power for mischief. They told him of the squire's benevolence and open-handed generosity to the poor; and he replied, in the words of a writer of his day, that "if the poor had more justice, they would need less charity"—an axiom of sterling truth and universal application, but liable, perhaps, to perversion. In short, it was open and undis-

guised warfare between William Franklin and Miles Oakley, with every disadvantage on the side of the young and impoverished farmer.

Then came the pernicious literature which has been mentioned, to poison and confuse an intellect which was capable of better things, and which a purer, sounder course of study would have cleared from the mists of prejudice, and enlightened. From thenceforth, William Franklin raved about the miseries of artificial society, the state of the nation, the causes of discontent, the rights of man, the iniquity of aristocracies, with other kindred subjects; and, as he was neither mealy-mouthed nor cautious as to the company in which he gave utterance to his creed, he was soon set down, as others of that day were, and with no greater reason—as a revolutionist, a conspirator, and an atheist.

We beg pardon for detaining the reader so long from the breakfast-table at "The Lees," to which we now return.

CHAPTER V.—A CONVERSATION.

"You have made up your mind to go, then, William," said the elder woman, with more than a usual shade of anxiety gathering upon her pallid countenance.

"Yes, mother," replied the young farmer, who, it might have been noted, was rather sprucely attired, and clean shaven, as though prepared for a journey, while at the same time he was eating his breakfast with unusual gravity and silence: "Yes, mother; there's no reason why I should not go, I suppose," he added, almost gloomily.

"No particular reason, William; only as you gave your vote the first day of the election, it does not need for you to go to town again on the last day of the poll."

"I want to know the state of the poll, mother; and I mean to be in at the death," said William.

"That's only an excuse, Will," retorted the mother, who had in earlier life kept a rather tight rein on her son, and sometimes now forgot the difference between eighteen and twenty-eight; "you know well enough what the state of the poll was yesterday, and that your man is sure to get licked; and what do you want, mixing yourself up so much with politics? Your father didn't use to do so."

"I know that very well, mother; at least, you have told me so often enough; and what the better was he for not doing it?"

"He stayed at home and minded his own business," returned the old matron; "and that is more than can be said of you at all times."

"Mother, mother!" softly whispered the young wife, looking up entreatingly towards her mother-in-law; "you ought not to say of William that he neglects his business."

"What is he going to do to-day?" asked the elder Mrs. Franklin, pettishly.

"But, mother, it is his business—being a freeholder, you know—to see that things are right and fair at election times," continued the younger woman; "besides, William has other business in town," she added.

"I don't know of any other business, without it is to fetch his double-barrelled gun from the smith's," said the mother; "but then, may-be, I have no right to know anything about Will's goings out and comings in, as I used to do."

"Mother, don't let us wrangle," interposed the subject of this gentle sparring; "you have every right to know everything; and if I don't tell you everything at all times, it is because you should not be over troubled. And you know that I have kept from going to town all along, while this election has lasted, since the day I gave

in my vote, because you said 'Don't go.' But I want to see how it ends; and I have got to call upon lawyer Peake as well; and it won't do to put that off."

"Not about that weary mortgage, my boy?" exclaimed the mother, her short-lived irritation over. "Has there anything fresh turned up about that?"

"Yes, mother; Peake has written to say that the mortgage money is wanted, and that he has got orders to foreclose if it is not paid home in three months' time."

"You don't say that, Will?" cried his mother, in a tone of great agitation.

"He says it, mother; and I suppose he means it too," said Franklin; and then he added, more cheerfully, "but don't fret, it may all come right. There's plenty of money to be got on mortgage, and perhaps on better terms. The worst of it is, that there's somebody else at the bottom of it, and if he can put a spoke in the wheel he will. It is my firm belief that lawyer Peake is in his pay, for all he is so smooth."

"You mean the squire, I know, William."

"Yes, mother, I do mean the squire."

"I can't believe in his doing anything underhanded, William," said the elderly advocate.

"And I don't think it of him either," added the younger Mrs. Franklin. "I wish you were not so set against Mr. Oakley, William," she added.

"Master is right enough about the squire, though," interposed Martha, the servant-maid, who was accustomed to take her share unchecked in the table-talk, with a freedom which would astonish modern masters and mistresses; "I know something of him that you won't like to hear, master," she went on.

"What is that, Martha?" demanded Franklin.

"It is about the shooting, master: he says you have gone on shooting without a licence long enough, and he means to put a stop to it. Dick Border told Tom, so only yesterday."

"He had better try his hand at it, that's all," remarked the young farmer; "if it comes to stopping, we'll see which is the best man of us two; and if I find out that he has a hand in this mortgage business—"

"Don't threaten, William," pleaded his wife, laying her hand upon his arm; "that won't do any good, will it?"

"You are right, Letty. It is only women and lawyers who have licence to fight with their tongues, and I am neither one nor the other; when I fight it will be with some other weapon. But what's the use of talking?" added Franklin, and making an evident effort to shake off his ill-humour. "It is time for me to be starting; and there's Brown Bess to be saddled." Saying this, he hurried from the table to the farm-yard.

In a few minutes the young farmer returned, with a fresh cloud on his brow. He had discovered that Brown Bess, his riding mare, was lame of the off fore-foot, and could not travel.

"You can't go, then, after all?" said his wife.

"I shall have to walk instead of to ride, that's all; and ten miles is no such mighty stretch," said he.

"Twelve miles, William."

"Yes, round by the road; but I shall save two miles by cutting across from here to Broadley Rise, you know."

"Through the squire's plantations?"

"There's a right of way there, though he denies it," said Franklin; "you know that, mother, do you not?"

"There always used to be a way through Hanging Wood to Broadley Rise from here," said the old dame.

"And nobody has had any business to stop it," added the young farmer.

"But if you should be interrupted?" continued the wife, hesitatingly.

"Why, then, Letty, they that interrupt me must look out for themselves," said William, grasping the stout walking-staff which he had substituted for his riding-whip.

"You will have your own way, William," said Letty.

"Yes, when I know it is the right way, and can get it, my pretty—as I did when I married you; and now good-bye;" and when Franklin stooped down to kiss his fair young wife's cheek, every trace of discomposure was gone.

"I will go with you through the close," said the young wife, rising, and carrying her child in her arms. In a minute or two she was relieved of this weight by her husband, who, having bidden his mother good-bye, insisted on carrying Willy across the meadow on his shoulder.

"Promise me one thing, William," said Letty, when they parted.

"Two things, Letty, if that will please you."

"I want you to promise me faithfully that you will not quarrel with anybody to-day," said she.

"Why, my darling, what an ill-tempered fellow you would make me out to be, to need such a warning as that!" rejoined Franklin, laughing.

"Not ill-tempered, William, but warm-tempered sometimes."

"Well, I should hope so. Which is best, Letty, to be warm-tempered or cold-blooded? Which would you like best for your share of it?"

"I would not have you in any way different to me, William; but it is not everybody that understands you as I do. So please to promise me," continued Letty, reverting to her request.

"Whom do you suppose I am likely to fall out with, Letty?" asked William.

Letty had not thought of any one in particular, she said; but it was election time, when men were sometimes provoked into quarrels; and there was the squire, and there were a good many of his people, who would be likely to be in the town. And if William would keep out of their way, and come home as early as he could—wouldn't he promise?

It would have required more obduracy than William Franklin possessed to resist this gentle pleading. Indeed, he had no desire to resist it. He was peaceably enough inclined, and was not in the habit either of sitting long over his cups, or of being out late. He had no enmity against any one in particular, excepting Miles Oakley, and it was altogether improbable that they would come into contact that day; and even if they did, an open quarrel was not likely to ensue.

"I'll promise to be very good, Letty, and come home as sober as a judge—in good time, too," said he, as he delivered up Willy; and then, after another good-bye, the husband strode on towards Broadley Rise, and his wife stood watching till he was out of sight, and thinking in her heart that there was not such another man as her William all the country round.

CHAPTER VI.—INCIDENTS OF AN ELECTION A LONG WHILE AGO.
THE country-town towards which William Franklin was bending his steps, and which, to avoid needless identification, we shall call by the initial H., had been for fourteen days in a state of high ferment, in consequence of a contested election for a Member of Parliament. It is foreign from our purpose to explain at any length the

state of parties, either in "the House" or in the country at this particular time; we may briefly intimate, however, that there had been some recent upheavings of the popular element of society in opposition to the very highly conservative government of that day; and that the political and social commotions which had lately transpired, and were yet transpiring in other lands, while giving both force and significance to the general discontent, also roused those who appropriated the merit of true patriotism, to rally round the standard of their party, and to battle fiercely for those very excrescences and abuses which elsewhere had led to such deplorable results, and which, in subsequent days, have been wisely modified or removed, to the manifest advantage of the country at large and the stability of the crown.

These temporary political struggles and alarms, which, it may be added, were fomented, kept alive, and intensified by government spies, added point and virulence to the electioneering contest to which we have referred. Though hopeless of success, the Man of the People (a scion of one of the few titled families who at that time ventured to avow popular opinions) had kept open the poll to the latest day allowed by law, and had gathered around him a strange and motley band, composed of the best and the worst specimens of national character—men of the highest principle and soundest information, and others of no principle and the profoundest ignorance and most violent prejudices. These were the extremes; and between these were many who, like the farmer of "The Lees," had honest intentions and confused perceptions—a consciousness that there was wrong and mismanagement somewhere, and an instinctive yearning after something better in the matter of government, though what that something should be, it would have been hard for them to say.

On the other hand, the ambiguous and unmeaning cries of "Church and State," "The Agricultural Interest," "Speed the Plough," "No Foreign Influence," "Old England for ever," "Down with the Jacobins," and a dozen others equally sonorous and captivating, resounded from the adverse ranks of the opposing candidate. Around this gentleman, who arrogated to himself the title of a "Free-born Briton," and boasted, not without reason, of his stake in Old England and its glorious constitution, rallied the landed gentry and those who styled themselves the farmers' friends. As we have already intimated, their influence and interest predominated, and the evil day which was to see the sun of England set for ever in gloomy darkness, was, for that time, indefinitely postponed.

Among the friends and supporters of this successful and patriotic candidate was none more enthusiastic than Miles Oakley, and none hated more heartily than he, not only the principles which he termed revolutionary, and which he honestly believed tended to national ruin, but also the men who had imbibed them. To convince his zeal for the cause he espoused, he headed, from day to day, batches of his tenantry, whom he (as his opponents averred) compelled to tender their votes at the poll according to his dictation; but this was a mistake, or a calumny; for what farmer of that day would have dreamt of voting contrary to the opinions of his landlord? From day to day, too, he scoured the country round, to convert wavers by his persuasive eloquence, and then made his appearance on the hustings or in the committee room, to cheer on his friends with his hearty co-operation and beaming presence.

Meanwhile, the town of H. rejoiced as in a carnival. Business was suspended, but money was plentiful. Inns were thronged, and rival bands, parading the streets

from day to day, made confusion worse confounded by their discordant brayings.

Towards this scene of turmoil William Franklin drew near—the time being eleven o'clock of a sultry autumnal day. He was not in particularly high spirits; for he was keenly alive to the impending and certain defeat of the candidate for whom he had voted, and to the triumph of the ministry, which, according to his belief, was one of the most venal, corrupt, and tyrannical governments with which the country had been cursed for at least a century; and this, he would have acknowledged, was saying a great deal. But besides this source of vexation with which you, reader, if you happen to be a "true and independent freeman and elector," can sympathise, Franklin had his own private grievances to stir up his bile. These grievances, over which a solitary walk of ten miles had given him ample time to ponder, have been already indicated; but it should be added that his mind was more disturbed than he had chosen to confess to his mother, respecting the threatened foreclosure of the mortgage on his farm. That mortgage, with which the farm was burdened before he was born, was a thousand pounds, the yearly interest of which was equal to a fair rental for the whole estate, as rents went then; and he had grave doubts as to whether any other capitalist could be found willing to advance that sum on the transfer of the deeds. What, then, would follow but utter and irretrievable ruin to himself, and the misery of seeing his ancestral acres passing into the possession of a man whom of all others he most cordially disliked?

He was thinking sadly of this, and picturing to himself the triumph of his enemy, when he stepped upon the bridge which formed the entrance to the town itself. There were not many passengers, for the interest of the election had drawn loungers to the polling place by the market. Before he had reached the crown of the bridge, however, he heard the clattering of horses' hoofs behind him, and before he could draw to the side of the narrow causeway, he was in the midst of a dozen or more riders, talking and laughing noisily; and as they were riding fast, and paying little heed to bit and bridle, there was a trifling danger of the solitary pedestrian being run down. Indeed, ere the boisterous troop had passed him, Franklin received a rough brush from the shoulder of one of the horses, which nearly prostrated him; and the collision was so violent as for a moment to take away his breath.

Until then, our young farmer had not had sufficient curiosity to look up at the riders; but now he turned sharply upon the man who had either intentionally or clumsily ridden him down; and a dark crimson spot gathered instantaneously on his cheek, for his assailant was none other than the squire of "The Oaks," who was entering the town with a band of his fellow partisans, to witness and share in the final victory of their chosen candidate, whose colours they flaunted on their breasts.

At any other time, and from any other person, Franklin would have attributed the rude jolt he had received to accident; and with a gentle hint to the horseman to be more careful of the life and limb of the king's lieges in future, would have suffered him to pass on his way. But suddenly excited as he was, and aroused to the bitterest resentment by what passion told him was an intentional and personal insult, the young farmer sprang forward, seized the squire's horse by the bridle, and angrily demanded an apology from the rider.

There was no time nor opportunity for explanation or parley. The horse, a powerful, young and spirited steed of seventeen hands, curvetted, kicked, and reared at the unexpected check thus received; and Miles Oakley, for

the first time recognising the pedestrian, and scarcely conscious of the offence he had given, but rather attributing the attack to some strange outburst of electioneering enmity, stuck spurs into his horse, and raised his heavy riding-whip.

The blow fell; and in another moment the humiliated young farmer, smarting beneath the double indignity, saw the whole *cortége* sweeping on, and heard shouts of laughter from the party of horsemen.

"And I promised poor Letty that I would not quarrel," thought William Franklin to himself, when he was cool enough to think at all.

ADVENTURES IN TEXAS.

CHAPTER II.

TEXAS having conquered its independence from Mexico, became a kind of refuge for the destitute. Did any one south of the Rio Grande put a knife accidentally into somebody else, nothing was less difficult than to cross the river. Did any general fail in a pronunciamento, where should he fly for his life but to the Lone Star Republic? Did any one wish for sudden riches, nothing was easier than to borrow a caballado of mules and horses from his neighbours, carry them into Texas, and either dispose of them there, or in Arkansas or Louisiana, where there was a constant demand for them.

Often, when I have been riding a Spanish horse, I have seen a Mexican look at the brand and pronounce it "non bueno." At first I did not understand what was meant, but I soon found out that I was supposed to be riding a stolen horse; for both in Mexico and Texas, when any animal is sold it has to be counter-branded. All stock-owners in Texas have to record their brand at their respective county courts, before the district clerk, and in Mexico each ranchero records his with the Alcalde. Any person found in possession of a horse, mule, or cow, etc., with another man's brand on, is thus seen at a glance to have what does not belong to him. So, when you purchase an animal, the seller rebrands or counter-brands it by putting his iron on again, either above or below (it must be close to) the original mark, and the purchaser places his brand where he pleases. I have seen horses which have frequently changed hands covered nearly all over with marks. A Spanish horse ridden in Texas with only one brand on, unless mounted by the Mexican breeder of it, is most certainly stolen.

If the Republic was well patronised by this class from the south, its northern neighbour was not one whit behind. G. T. T., or "Gone to Texas," has been often found, chalked up in the night, on many a broken merchant's door, by his admiring friends, when they awoke in the morning. The midnight flitting has been effected without beat of drum, and by daylight the acute storekeeper and his household goods have placed many a league between them and those who had trusted him, not wisely, but too well. Murderers, gamblers, outlaws, with adventurers of all descriptions, flocked there in those early days. Whatever west of the Shannon was in the lawless days of yore—when sheriffs were shot like snipes and their men fed upon parchments—it was a mere joke to Texas twenty years ago. Fortunately, these were not the only arrivals. Many enterprising planters from the States, many industrious emigrants from all parts of Europe, sought the land of hope, intending by perseverance and energy to carve out a home for themselves in the fertile wilds of Texas. Fewer disappointed settlers are to be found here than in any new country I have heard of. With the commonest prudence, any one must succeed.

In those days it required a great deal of tact for a traveller who stopped at a tavern to go to bed sober and in a whole skin. Naturally hospitable, the Texan likes to see everybody share his enjoyments, so that sometimes his good nature proves a nuisance from the way he presses his conviviality upon you. In the days I speak of, a traveller would not be very long in a caravansary before some thirsty soul would walk up to the bar, and, looking around on the company, would say, "Boys, I'm going to liquor. Come up all on yer and take a drink." As nine out of every ten had an unconquerable thirst, up they would all get, leaving only the traveller, probably, in his chair. Then comes the tug of war, or—as a great Texan poet has it—"When Dutch meets Dutch, then comes the lager beer."

"Stranger, won't you take a smile?"

"Thank you, I had much rather not."

"Got anything agin me, stranger?"

"Oh no, certainly not. I'm much obliged to you, but I would rather not take anything."

"Wall, I'll be dog on'd if you mustn't drink or fight."

"I never touch spirits. I abstain altogether."

"So you're up that tree, eh? Wall, here's some sour fixins, so you must hev some lemonade."

At this stage, seeing all eyes upon him, and that there is no escape, the traveller gives in, and at last goes through the "motions." As this liquoring occurs about every twenty minutes throughout the evening, first one, and then another treating, I need not say that towards midnight the company get very confidential. In these unguarded moments I have often been asked myself, and have often heard the question put to others, "What mout your name hev been back in the States?" the questioners taking it for granted that, as they had left their country for their country's good, everybody else had done the same.

When I first landed in Galveston, I made the acquaintance of a priest, who introduced me to the Roman Catholic Bishop, Monsieur Odin, a Frenchman by birth, and some six or seven of his clergy—mostly Irish and French—from all of whom I received much kindness and attention, which I shall never forget. I found them accomplished liberal men of the world; and, without saying anything of their doctrinal tenets, I look back to the evenings spent with them as some of the pleasantest hours I passed in Texas. In point of numbers, the Roman Catholic Church ranks third—the Methodists holding the first place, the Baptists second, and the Episcopalians the fourth. There are about as many Presbyterians as there are members of the Episcopal Church. I may in this place mention that the slaves are almost all Methodists; only when the owners are Catholics do they follow the religion of their masters. The numerous revival meetings through the country, which the negroes always attend in great numbers, may account for this.

The law is a very lucrative profession. Formerly, owing to disputed land titles, much money was made, and as it was the custom to take land in payment instead of fees, many of our largest estate owners are lawyers. It is, as through the rest of the United States, based on the common law of England. It is now fairly and impartially administered. Some of the most prominent lawyers are from England and Ireland. The following anecdote will illustrate the rough and ready way in which law proceedings were conducted a few years ago. Judge Williamson, or, as he was more generally called, Three Legged Willie, from a contraction of the muscles of his leg, caused by a rifle ball in some border fray, which made it necessary for him to use a wooden stump, was

the presiding judge. A lawyer whose case was hopeless, thought by bullying to intimidate the court and carry his point. He little knew Three Legged Willie; he might as well have tried to frighten a grizzly bear as the grim, stern, old frontiers-man, the hero of a hundred fights and duels. After citing a great number of precedents which the judge told him did not apply, he at last drew out a bowie knife, saying that was his law, as he advanced towards the bench. "You are wrong again," said the imperturbable judge, lifting the lid of his desk and drawing out a large navy revolver, which he cocked and pointed at the lawyer's head, remarking, "It is overruled, you will find, by Colt on Revolvers." Throughout America the lawyer is both barrister and attorney.

Fortunately the Mexican war of 1846-7 weeded out the ruffians from Texas, to a large extent; and when gold was discovered in California, in 1848, those who had not been killed migrated to the new El Dorado. Since then, Texas has gradually filled up with persevering hard-working emigrants, determined to win, if industry will do it, an honest living from the soil, and with planters, who have left the worn-out lands of the older States, and who bring with them a taste for the elegancies of life, which tend so much to civilize, refine, and advance a new country. Formerly, all the young men and maidens were sent to the north to be educated; but of late years many good schools—I beg their pardon, there are no schools in America, they are all colleges—have been established. The wealthy planters usually prefer a private tutor for their own family. The planters themselves, from the quantity of time they have on their hands, and from the climate, which confines them indoors during the heat of the day, are great readers. They have most of them at college waded through Virgil, and some have even gone so far as, by the help of cribs, to have made a slight acquaintance with Homer. The books, however, that they mostly affect are the reviews and magazines, both English and American. Sir Walter Scott's works are well known, as are Sterne's, Fielding's, Goldsmith's, etc. Shakespeare is in every house of any pretensions, and I have more than once seen Massinger as well as Beaumont and Fletcher. A good—a very good—library is far from rare.

Texas has been particularly fortunate in her presidents as a republic, and in her governors as a state. General Mirabeau B. Lamar, her earliest ruler, was a warrior (distinguished in her War of Independence), a statesman, a scholar, and a poet. His poems, printed only for private circulation, deserve to be more generally known. General Sam Houston, the next, won the "crowning mercy" of San Jacinto, where the Mexican power was finally broken.

Hunting, shooting, fishing, are the amusements; but, as they are carried on all the year round, without any restrictions, they do not assume that business character similar sports have here. Through the winter, balls are constantly given, both in the towns and in the country on the plantations. Amongst the negroes it only requires a fiddle or banjo to start a "break-down" dance any evening.

An Englishman set down suddenly at any of the best planters' houses would scarcely know—except for the verandah, which runs all round the house, the genial climate, and the different trees and shrubs visible—but that he was at some country seat in the old world.

This paper would scarcely be complete if I did not allude to the condition of the slaves. I shall merely premise that I never became naturalized as an American—that I never owned a slave, nor ever wish to—that

my statement is perfectly disinterested, and that I speak the truth as to their condition, which I have seen with my own eyes, without fear or favour. My experience is not from a hurried run through the country, but from a residence of years, and I have had better opportunities of forming a judgment than most foreigners, as I have been employed as a hunter, and have been a visitor on more than a hundred plantations. I put altogether on one side the question as to slavery being right or wrong: upon that we are all agreed; I simply confine myself to their treatment, such as I saw it meted out to them. They have an abundance of good food, clothes, shoes, and comfortable cabins to live in, with as much fuel as they choose to burn, good nursing, and the best advice procurable in sickness. I have seen several negroes flogged, but it amounted to no more than the switchings schoolboys get. I speak advisedly when, I say, that if all the whippings I have seen administered to both little and big slaves were put together, it would not equal in severity one single castigation I saw applied to a private soldier in the riding-school at Birmingham. No planter would himself abuse, or allow others, a negro worth £300, any more than an English gentleman would injure a horse of equal value.* If no higher motive, self-interest would restrain him. I was in Texas when Mrs. Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared; I read it carefully; it was, no doubt, very cleverly written, but its exaggerations marred its effect. In all my travels I never met with either a Legree or an Uncle Tom, neither did I ever see a planter idiot enough to sell his foreman for a trifling debt, when he could easily have had the money advanced on his crop. If the Yankees of the north are the negro's best friends, who will not eat, drink, ride, walk, or even pray with him, well may he wish to be saved from them.

AFRICAN HUNTING.†

SINCE Mr. Gordon Cumming drew popular attention to the wild sports of Southern Africa, many daring and adventurous huntsmen have turned their steps to these regions. Mr. Baldwin, the author of a volume full of exciting scenes and incidents of the chase, gives a frank and straightforward account of his early life. The scion of a good family, he had to fight his way in the world; and an inbred love of rural life and of rural sport led him to seek a colonist's career. Having spent an agricultural apprenticeship in the Scottish Highlands, where he seems to have looked less after the sheep and beasts, than the deer and smaller vermin, the time came for choosing his foreign home.

"Having no earthly prospect of the command of anything like a moor or a stud in the old country, I cast about me," he says, "for some land of greater liberty (at least, of foot), and had engaged a fine young Scotchman to go with me; but while debating whether Canada or the western prairies of America was to be my destination, two intimate friends, the sons of a neighbouring gentleman, who were going to Natal, advised that colony; and Gordon Cumming's book, which appeared at that moment, and as I thought in the very nick of time, settled me at once. My preparations were soon made; my little all consisting chiefly of guns, rifles, saddles, *et id genus omne.*"

* We allow our Texas contributor's opinions to appear without comment, as his own statement neutralizes the apparent apology for slave-owners.

† African Hunting from Natal to the Zambesi, from 1852 to 1860, by William Charles Baldwin, F.R.G.S. Bentley.

Mr. Baldwin landed in Natal at the close of 1851, and after a first hunting fit was over, tried to settle as a farmer. His habits and tastes, however, were adverse to settled occupation, and he was soon again in the saddle, with his dogs and rifle. Without giving any orderly account of his expeditions, we extract a few passages from various parts of his journal. One of his earliest adventures was a narrow escape from a crocodile, which in his journal is thus recorded:—

"Went out duck-shooting at the mouth of the Um-lilag; it being high tide, the wagons were obliged to wait some hours to cross. Had capital sport; heaps of wildfowl of all varieties, and very tame, and eventually bagged as many as I could hang round my waist-belt. As the sun was going down, and I saw the wagons ascending the opposite hills, having crossed at the drift some miles higher up, I endeavoured to cross opposite where I then was, though I had previously seen many crocodiles in the river. I got more than two-thirds across, and was on a kind of island not deeper than my knees, and before me the stream ran deep and fast, about thirty yards wide. I had my gun and ammunition, all the ducks, and a heavy pair of shooting boots, though the rest of my attire was light enough, consisting only of shirt and gaiters. Still I thought I could manage it, and pushed slowly off, making very short strokes with my arms, for fear of losing my gun, as it was laid across just under my chin; and I think I might have succeeded had I not just at that moment seen the head of a huge crocodile, above stream, sailing down upon me, leaving a wake like a steamer behind him. I need hardly say I struck out legs and arms for my life, utterly unmindful of my gun, and in a few vigorous strokes reached the opposite bank, breathless and frightened, with the loss of my gun. The following morning Arbuthnot, Monies, Ellis, and myself went to try and recover it, and dived alternately, one firing shots from the shore, meanwhile, to scare the crocodiles. As the gun was a very valuable one, before relinquishing our search we made a capital drag, cut out of the bush, like a huge rake, but all to no purpose, and I was obliged to put up with the loss."

Not many days after, he got another lesson as to crocodile risks:—

"On emerging quietly through the bush, and tall, rank, soaking grass, to an open place, I saw some nine or ten crocodiles high and dry, gorged with sea-cow, and fast asleep. One enormous brute, twenty feet long at least, I wanted to shoot, but Monies would not allow it, as he hoped to get more sea-cows, and he feared a shot would frighten them and spoil our chances. I was not half satisfied, and said, 'Well, anyhow, let me have the satisfaction of giving him a kick in the ribs' (I was shod with heavy English shooting-boots) 'by way of a memento,' and was just in the act of raising my foot for the purpose when Monies suddenly drew me forcibly back, saying, 'You fool, he'll crack your legs off like pipe-stumps with his tail,' and that instant he woke up, and I had Monies to thank for saving me a broken bone at least, for I never saw anything like the whirl he gave his tail as he dashed into the water some fifteen yards ahead, and almost immediately floated like a log on the top of the water, taking a cool survey of his morning visitors.

"Whilst on the subject of crocodiles, I will relate an anecdote that happened to me on the St. Lucy's mouth, where it runs into St. Lucia Bay. I shot a goose, almost full grown, though a flapper, and he was drifting nicely to my feet, when he unaccountably disappeared. Not taking particular notice at the time, I thought he might possibly have partly recovered and dived. Gibson was

with me at the time, and, disappointed of our intended roast, as we had not breakfasted, I shot another, and he likewise disappeared in the same place and manner.



AN ALLIGATOR DISAPPOINTED.

There being plenty, I shot a third, and, determined not to lose this one, went gradually into the river to meet him, armed with a heavy lancewood loading-rod shod with iron, and had nearly got up to my middle, making a tremendous noise and splashing to scare the crocodiles, when, just as I was stretching out my arm to reach my goose, he suddenly went under water. I had no fear in those days, and did not know the real danger, so I made a grasp and caught the goose by the leg, striking the water as hard as ever I could. In an instant the goose came in halves, the legs, back, and some of the entrails falling to my share, Mr. Crocodile getting the better half, and two or three violent blows on the nose into the bargain. I need hardly say I lost not an instant in getting ashore again, and did not think much at the time (which is often the case) of what a foolish thing it was to do, and what a narrow escape I had had."

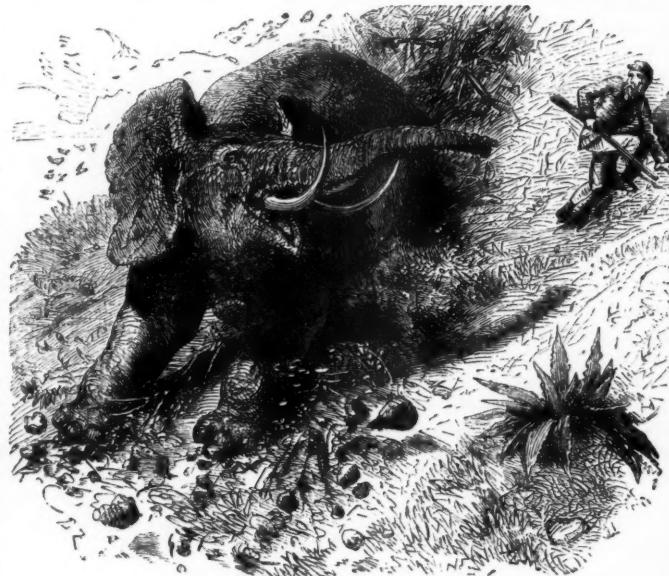
In buffalo-hunting Mr. Baldwin had some perilous adventures:—

"One evening in the valley of the Tugela, on returning to my encampment, after a capital day's sport (three hartebeests, an eland bull and buffalo bull), I was leading a fine grey mare, packed with the hartebeest skins, when I saw a huge beast before me, so encased in mud that I at first took it for a rhinoceros. I let go the mare, and ran from behind unperceived very near, as it was walking slowly. It proved to be an enormous old bull buffalo, and the first intimation he got of my presence was a bullet in the centre of his big ribs. How he made the stones fly and clatter as he rushed down the hill! I reloaded, went back to the mare (which remained standing just where I left her—as all South African trained shooting-horses do—for half a day or more, if required), and proceeded in the direction my old friend was making, not much expecting,

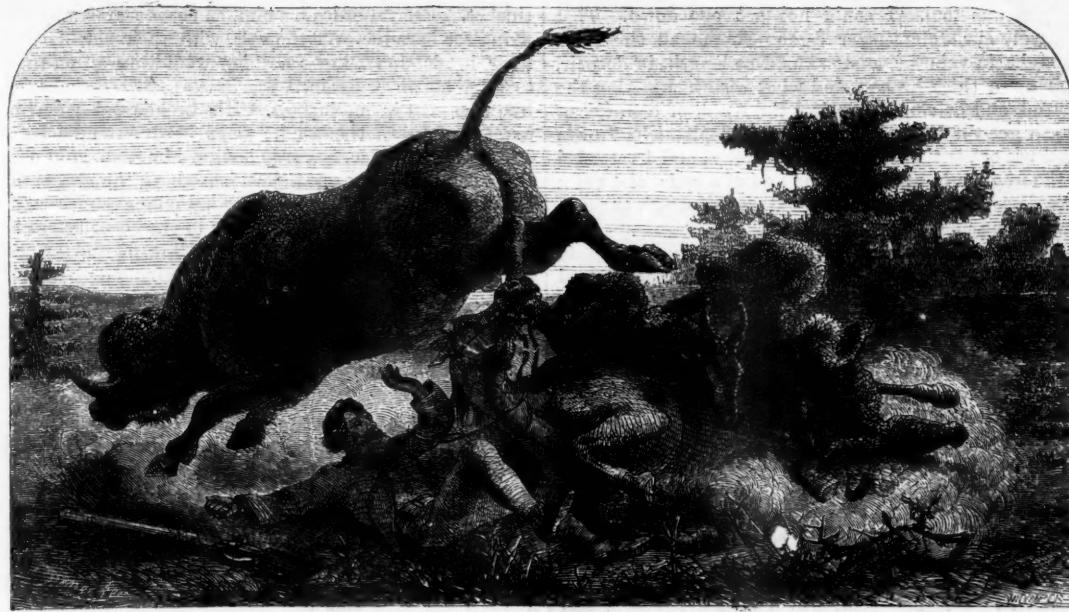
however, to see anything more of him, and had given him up, as it was fast getting dark, when I saw the outline of a large beast under a shady-thorn tree, and had not quite made him out when he emerged and made at me. I threw a hasty glance around for a friendly tree, and then at the chances of getting on the mare's back, but that was hopeless, as she was loaded with hides; my arm was through the bridle-rein, the bull mending his pace, and as I put my gun to my shoulder the mare, alarmed, jerked back, and I fired a snap shot at his breast, not turning him in the least. The mare reared perpendicularly and fell backward; the rein being through my arm, I also fell, between her legs, and the brute went over us both, knocking the skin from the mare's eye with a kick from his hind leg, and rattled along. I found him dead in the morning, not 200 yards off, my bullet having struck him in the centre of the chest.

"I saw across the Pengola an immense herd of buffaloes, and my fellows were most anxious that I should shoot them a fat cow. I got on a large open plain between them and their stronghold, the bush we were then in, and ensconced myself behind a very small low bush below the wind, with two double guns, and sent my fellows a

long way round, above wind, to drive them towards me. There must have been 300, and they came directly for me, at a slow trot, making the earth shake, and raising clouds of dust. I lay as close as a hare in her form on the open plain; nothing but this little shrub, perhaps three feet high and four feet in circumference, until the leaders of the herd were within three lengths, and I saw every probability of being trampled to death. I jumped into the air as high as possible, with a tremendous shout. The whole herd, for a few seconds, appeared panic-stricken, and remained stock still. I selected a sleek, glossy, dumpy cow and fired, and never raised such a commotion in my existence. I was almost deafened by the rushing noise, and blinded by the dust. I fired, however,



CHASED UP AND DOWN HILL BY AN ELEPHANT.



A BUFFALO'S LEAP.

my other three barrels into the middle of the dust, but could hardly hear the report; and not until the dust cleared away some 300 yards, I saw the whole herd going away, and my little pet, *Smoke*, at their heels. She picked the wounded cow out of the whole herd, stuck to her till she died, a mile ahead, and whilst we were trying to hit off her blood-spoor, came back to us, and trotted on ahead, and took us to the cow, the only one bagged. I relate this to show there is very little danger from a large troop."

There are some stirring scenes of elephant-hunting, one of the most exciting as well as the most profitable sports of these regions:—

"Hunting on foot once in the Entumeni Bush, I had a very narrow escape from an old bull elephant which I had wounded. He gave chase, and I took up the hill; the ground was very wet and slippery—heaps of dead leaves, no heels to my veldt shoes, which were made of blesbuck skin, and, from being thoroughly saturated with wet, had stretched to nearly double the original size; consequently I went, as they say, two steps backwards to one forwards, was constantly down, and quite exhausted in the strenuous efforts I made to get on. Seeing no disposition, on my pursuer's part, to give up the chase, I changed my tactics, got above a tree, on which I leaned a couple of seconds to recover my wind partly—a very critical moment, as the brute was not more than four of his own lengths from me—jumped then some ten yards at right angles, and turned down the hill at full speed, the monster screaming and trumpeting in full career after me at a tremendous pace. He must have been over me in a few strides more, when I sprang to the right, and down he went, in his mad career, crashing and carrying all before him, utterly unable to stop if he had wished, as the hill was very steep, and he was under full sail; a tremendous relief to my mind, as it was my last resort. I did not hazard another encounter, but mentally resolved, for the future, to try another country, where I could have the all-powerful assistance of a good horse in emergencies of the like kind, and have carried out the resolution then and there made ever since.

"We found a troop of eleven or twelve bull elephants

in a thick hackthorn bush on the banks of the river. As they crashed away, I rode hard in their rear, shouting lustily, and singled out the largest bull. I rode close under his stern, and he cleared a path for me. He turned to see who had the audacity to ride so near, for the horse's nose touched him, when I gave him a bullet behind the shoulder, and cleared out of his path. In re-loading I lost him, and, cantering on his spoer, he very nearly caught me, as he had stopped and turned round just where the path turned suddenly and sharply to the right, and I was almost under his very trunk ere I saw him. He was lying in wait, and made a terrific charge, trumpeting furiously; the horse was round like a top, and away I went, with both rowels deep in his flanks, as I threw myself on his neck. It was a very near shave; his trunk was over the horse's hind quarters. I went through bush that, in cool blood, I should have pronounced impenetrable, but did not come off scathless; my poor hands were shockingly torn, and my trousers, from the knees, literally in shreds, though made of goat-skin. After giving the elephant two more bullets I lost him. The dogs were frightened to death, and would not leave the horse's heels.

"I shortly came across another troop of bulls, which took against the wind, leaving such a dust behind them, that I was half smothered. I rode, at last, a little wide of them, on the weather side, and was able to get a view of their teeth, and I rode out one with beautiful long teeth. He very soon lessened his speed, turned, and before I was aware, charged me. I could not turn in time, and, therefore, fired right between his eyes. The shot struck him about an inch above the left eye, and brought him on one knee, and I was able to get out of his way. He then took up a position in the bush, and I loaded and gave him two more bullets in the head, one in the centre of his forehead. He kept backing farther and farther into the bush, with his two enormous ears erected like fans, and, as I was thinking the last shot must tell on him, he made the longest and most furious charge I ever saw; he fairly hunted me, while I was half loaded, clear away. I rode in a circle to endeavour to dodge him, and at length succeeded. He stopped at fault,

and I began to reload. I had none but conical balls, and the gun was foul. I could not get one down. That dastardly cur, John, never came near me all this time. I sought in vain for a stone, and at length, in despair, took up a thick branch, and what with hammering the ramrod, and driving it against the trunk of a tree, I at length got the bullet home; but my elephant had made good use of his time, and got clear away; and I returned to the wagons in rags, with the loss of a spur, and not a little discomfited, but it was madness to attack them in their stronghold."

A book of African sport would be very incomplete without lion-hunting. Mr. Baldwin has some good stories to tell of his prowess and skill in attacking the royal beast, but we have space for only one adventure.

"The old Masara captain paid me a visit; he had seen a lion on the path, and left a lot of Masaras to watch him. I had been working hard all day in the hot sun with an adze, making a dissel-boom for the wagon, and was tired, lame, and shaky in the arms, and did not feel at all up to the mark for rifle-shooting; but I ordered Ferus to be saddled, who was also not at all fresh, having had a tremendous burst in the morning across a flat, after a lean eland cow. Just after I caught sight of about twenty-five Masaras sitting down, all armed to the teeth with shields and assegais, my attention was attracted to a Kaffir skull, which struck me as a bad omen; and the thought entered my head, that it might be my fate to lay mine to bleach there. I did not, however, suffer this thought to unnerve me, but proceeded, and found that the lion had decamped. The Masaras followed his spoor about a couple of miles, when he broke cover. I did not see him at first, but gave chase in the direction in which the Masaras pointed, saw him, and followed for about 1000 yards, as he had a long start, when he stood in a nasty thorn thicket. I dismounted at about sixty or seventy yards, and shot at him; I could only see his outline, and that very indistinctly, and he dropt so instantaneously, that I thought I had shot him dead. I remounted and reloaded, and took a short circle, and stood up in my stirrups to catch a sight of him. His eyes glared so savagely, and he lay crouched in so natural a position, with his ears alone erect, the points black as night, that I saw in a moment I had missed him. I was then about eighty yards from him, and was weighing the chances of getting a shot at him from behind an immense ant-heap, about fifteen yards nearer. I had just put the horse in motion with that intention, when he came with a tremendous roar, and Ferus whipt round like a top, and away at full speed. My horse is a fast one, and has run down the gerasbok, one of the fleetest antelopes, but the way the lion ran him in was terrific. In an instant I was at my best pace, leaning forward, rowels deep into my horse's flanks, looking back over my left shoulder, over a hard flat excellent galloping ground. On came the lion, two strides to my one. I never saw anything like it, and never want to do so again; to turn in the saddle and shoot darted across my mind, when he was within three strides of me, but on second thoughts I gave a violent jerk on the near rein, and a savage dig at the same time with the off heel, armed with a desperate rowel, just in the nick of time, as the old manikin bounded by me, grazing my right shoulder with his, and all but unhorsing me; but I managed to right myself by clinging to the near stirrup-leather. He immediately slackened his speed; as soon as I could pull up, which was not all at once, as Ferus had his mettle up, I jumped off, and made a very pretty and praiseworthy shot, considering the fierce ordeal I had just passed (thong I say it who ought not), break-

ing his hind leg at 150 yards off, just at the edge of the thicket. Fearful of losing him, as the Masaras were still flying for bare life over the velt, with their shields over their heads, and I knew nothing would prevail on them to take his spoor again, I was in the saddle, and chasing him like mad in an instant. His broken leg gave me great confidence, though he went hard on three legs; and I jumped off forty yards behind him, and gave him the second barrel, a good shot, just above the root of the tail, breaking his spine, when he lay under a bush roaring furiously, and I gave him two in the chest before he cried 'enough.' He was an old manikin, fat and furious, having only four huge yellow blunt fangs left. Then I had to hunt up the Masaras, who, of course, never came near, nor never would have done so, if he had taken a day and a half to eat up my carcase. The gloomy forebodings which the skull gave rise to at starting, were much nearer being fulfilled than I reckoned for; and why a man risks his life for no earthly gain, is a problem I cannot solve. I only know this—there is a secret feeling of inward satisfaction at having conquered, that is almost worth the risk to be run, though there are no applauding friends or spectators present. I wish my powers of description equalled those of a Masara; I think I never enjoyed a greater treat than to hear one of them describe this adventure. I did not understand a word he said, but his gestures and attitudes were splendid; his eyes flashed fire, he broke out into a streaming perspiration, and mimicked the lion so perfectly, as to make me feel quite cold. It would be impossible to surpass his imitation of the horse galloping, with myself spurring him, and all the other incidents of the chase. I had the satisfaction of seeing that I held the very first place in his estimation; and ever since, the Masaras have paid me great attention, bringing wood and water unasked."

After elephant and lion-hunting, other wild beasts appear small game, though panthers, hyænas, wolves, boars, and even rhinoceroses, are in the number. Many a splendid chase, too, is recorded, after elands, antelopes, gemsboks, oryxes, quaggas, steinboks, blesbucks, harrbucks, springboks, and many varieties of the deer tribe. But we have no pleasure in reading the narrative of the destruction of these harmless animals; nor of giraffes, and other graminivorous animals. The only thing to reconcile one who is not a mere sportsman to the wanton slaughter, is that the poor blacks come in for good meals. Mr. Baldwin's book abounds with passages such as these:

"We started early, and had made about twelve miles, when we were overtaken by six or eight Zulus, who begged me to shoot a wildebeest for them, as they were starving. I had an early opportunity of complying with their request, and they lost not an instant in lighting a fire, flaying and cutting up the animal. After a moderate feed they went off with their prize, all staggering under very heavy loads of beef."

"Off early again after the sea-cows. On arriving, I saw only one up, which I had killed the afternoon before, and which a Kaffir had found out, and was going in for, but he made off on seeing me. I soon came on a lot asleep, and getting pretty near, I shot the biggest of them. I soon had some eighty or a hundred Kaffirs around me, and they hauled up the cow. Nothing could be more courteous than their behaviour while I took what I wanted; but as soon as I delivered over the carcase to them, there ensued an indescribable scene of confusion. The Kaffirs rushed at the beast with assegais, knives, picks, and axes; hallooing, bellowing, shoving, and fighting, in a manner that no one would believe who had not seen them. Occasionally the captain ran in and laid

about him with a rhinoceros sjambok (thong) in every direction. The strongest of the savages got at the beast, cut off pieces, and hurled them over their heads to their accomplices outside, who dashed at them, and ran with them, each to a separate heap, where he deposited his piece, and where no one meddled with it. In a very short time the whole cow was disposed of, and not an atom left for about one hundred adjutants who were stalking about in hopes of a share of the prey. The same scene took place at the next, they both being uncommonly fat, young, tender, and delicious meat. A man with a thrifty housewife need not starve in this country, for I killed to-day about five tons of delicious meat, with unlimited fat."

Although the staple of the volume, as its title indicates, is about wild sports, there are some passages descriptive of natural scenery:—

"August 4th.—Zambesi Falls at last. I set off resolutely on the 1st, being determined to find the Falls, walked all day and all night, and towards morning I heard the roar of them. I never rested till I threw myself down, just before daybreak, within three hundred yards of the river, and I spent yesterday at the Falls, which far exceeded all I have been led to expect. Rougher travelling I never encountered, but I had the benefit of the full moon.

"I struck the river first about two miles above the Falls, and there it is not less than two miles wide, covered with islands of all sizes, one at least ten or twelve miles round, wooded to the water's edge—mowana trees, palmyra and palms, and plenty of wild dates, some of the former measuring twenty yards round the bole. The river is the finest and most beautiful I ever saw. It is rocky and rather shallow, and, just above the Falls, about one mile wide. And now for the Falls. I heard the roar full ten miles off, and you can see the immense volumes of spray ascending like a great white cloud, over which shines an eternal rainbow. The whole volume of water pours over a huge rock into an enormous chasm below, of immense depth. I counted from sixteen to eighteen, while a heavy stone of about twenty pounds weight was falling. I could not see it to the bottom, but only saw the splash in the water. I stood opposite to the Falls at nearly the same elevation, and could almost throw a stone across. The gorge cannot be more than a hundred yards wide, and at the bottom the river rolls turbulently boiling.

"You cannot see the largest Falls for more than a few yards down, on account of the spray, and you are drenched with rain for a hundred yards round from the falling mist. It is one perpendicular fall of many hundred feet, and I should think there are no less than thirty or forty different cascades, of all widths. The gorge cannot be less than 2000 yards long, and the outlet is not certainly more than forty yards wide. This outlet is not at the end of the gorge, though how far off I cannot say; the streams meet, form a wild mad whirlpool, and then rush helter-skelter through the pass. Looking up the gorge from that point is the most magnificent sight I ever beheld. It is as if streams of brimstone fires were ascending high into the clouds. There was a never-ceasing rain for fifty, and in some places a hundred yards, on the high land opposite, and the rocks are very slippery, and the ground where there are no rocks is a regular swamp, where the hippopotamus, buffalo, and elephant come to graze on the green grass. There is one grand fall at the head of the gorge which you can see to the bottom, about eighty yards wide, but not so deep, as the river forms a rapid before it shoots perpendicularly over the rock.

"Below the Falls, the river winds about in a deep, narrow, inaccessible gorge—a strong, swift, rocky stream. I followed its windings for some distance, and, after all, was not more than two miles, as the crow flies, from the Falls. It is one succession of kloofs, valleys, mountains, and the worst walking I ever encountered.

"The river through this fearful gorge seems not wider than a swollen Highland torrent. The greatest drawback to the otherwise magnificent scene, is that the dense clouds rising from below render the main Falls invisible, and it is only the smaller cascades you can see to the bottom. There are some thirty or forty of these spreading over a space of at least 1500 yards. The Makololo are very jealous, and very much alarmed at my having found my way hither, and cannot account for it. I show them the compass, and say that is my guide, and they are sorely perplexed. The baboons here are out of all number.

"8th.—I saw the Falls from the opposite side yesterday, and also from above. No words can express their grandeur. The view from above is, to my mind, the most magnificent; the water looks like a shower of crystal, and it is one perpendicular fall of immense height. There is only one outlet, and it is marvellous how such an immense body of water squeezes itself through so small an opening.

"I have punted for three days in all directions in the Makololo canoes, and could spend half my time on the waters. Dr. Livingstone is expected here to-day, and I am waiting to see him.

"9th.—I had the honour, yesterday, of cutting my initials on a tree on the island above the Falls, just below Dr. Livingstone's, as being the second European who has reached the Falls, and the first from the East Coast.

"Charles Livingstone says they far exceed Niagara in every respect; and the Doctor tells me that it is the only place, from the west coast to the east, where he had the vanity to cut his initials.

"I consider myself very fortunate in meeting Dr. Livingstone and his party. I spent the evening with him, and gained great information about his recent discoveries."

One more extract we must give, from the earlier portion of Mr. Baldwin's Journal, as it presents a frank and plain statement of the hardships and perils which all must lay to their account to bear who have ambition to follow him either in his sporting or farming life in Eastern Africa.

"On the 16th we started for Natal, and I can give from this date but a very poor account of anything more that occurred, as I must have had many days' insensibility myself. What I do recollect was that Arbuthnot and Monies joined the wagons again on the 20th, after two very hard days' elephant-hunting on foot, during which Arbuthnot killed one. Arbuthnot complained of being very ill, and threw himself down in the hut, from which he never rose, dying the following day of fever and ague. We made the best of our way to Natal to get advice for the rest of the sick, but on reaching our destination, poor Price died also, within forty miles of the town. Monies stayed behind to bring out another wagon, having never had an hour's illness, when he suddenly took desperately ill, and died next day. McQueen reached Durban, where he died in a few days, though he never went into the unhealthy country at all; Purver, Hammond, and Etty, three elephant-hunters of White's party, also died in the Zulu country about the same time; Gibson, Edmonstone, Charley Edmonstone, and myself eventually, but not for nearly twelve months, got better again. We were all, I think, carried out of the wagons in Durban, more dead than alive, and I shall never forget the very great kindness and attention I received from Mr. and Mrs. Tyzack,

to whose house I first went on landing in the colony, and where I was now taken. In the course of a few weeks, I was able, by the advice of my physician, to go up to Pieter Maritzburg for change of air, where Mr. Collins, the post-master, and a fellow passenger of mine, most kindly took me into his house, treated me with the utmost attention, and forestalled my every want. It is to Mrs. Collins's nursing and care—and all the little delicacies, so grateful and refreshing to a sick man, which a woman's forethought can alone supply—that I am indebted for my eventual recovery, after a very long illness. On first getting into the scales, on being able, with assistance, to get about a little, I only weighed five stone and eleven pounds; but laid on weight again, shortly after, almost as fast as I must have lost it, and regained strength altogether, on the high lands of the Inanda, about twenty-two miles from Durban and nine from the sea, where I joined White on a 9600 acre farm of Proudfoot's, built a wattle and dab-house, and existed there almost alone—I can hardly call it living—for two years or more, I should think, selling cattle to Kaffirs, which White traded in the Zulu country and brought or sent out to me. I have sometimes sold forty or more in one day, and had upwards of 600 on the place at one time, averaging, anywhere in those days before the lung sickness, from 10s. to £2 a head, for which the Kaffirs in Natal always paid cash.

"It was a horrid weary, solitary, monotonous life; not often could I prevail upon any one to come and stay with me, certainly not unless driven to it, as was not unfrequently the case, by having no other home, and no money—when they would pay me a visit till something better turned up. Certainly I had no great inducement to offer to them to remain: lean fowls, salt beef and rice, and heavy, ill-baked bread, was our fare, varied occasionally by bucks, partridges, and bustards; tea and coffee our only beverage. I must not, however, omit oceans of milk, most of which the Kaffirs and dogs ran through, and I won't say but that it might have been possible to have been very comfortable; all I can say is, that the experience I had of it gave me such a wholesome dread of the like ever again occurring, that I took to the wandering gipsy-life I have ever since led. I was never without two or three horses and a host of dogs, and, though they assisted very materially, together with my rifle and shot guns, to get through the days, yet the long evenings, the everlasting roar made by my Kaffirs, frequently continuing half the night, rats squeaking, gnawing, and scraping in every room, and almost everything that I brought out being long since eaten into shreds by white ants, which were fast undermining the posts and walls of our habitation, made me think another Zulu trip would be preferable to remaining alone any longer; consequently, I shut up the establishment, and went in again the following year.

"My nearest neighbours were Mr. Lindley, a missionary from the American Mission Society, a man most deservedly respected and esteemed by all in the colony, his amiable wife and charming family, at whose hospitable house I always felt myself quite at home. I used frequently to ride over on Sundays to Kaffir service, or whenever I could frame an excuse for making a break in my existence, and, after passing an evening with him and his united family, it put me so much in mind of my own home, that I used to feel in a better frame of mind for weeks to come, though the contrast was very great between his cheerful, comfortable house, and happy family, and my own solitary, dismal-looking abode—a deal table and a lot of velt stools and wagon chests the only furniture, and myself the only inhabitant."

This piece of African experience certainly has a melancholy tone; nor can we lay down the book without a regretful protest against the undue pursuit of mere sporting adventures. Mr. Baldwin's Journal records the early and sad fate of not a few sportsmen, who fell victims to their inordinate passion for the chase. How much nobler the end of those Englishmen who go forth to the same land, and brave equal danger, striving for the advancement and welfare of their fellow men! Mr. Baldwin tells of hair-breadth escapes and frequent perils, and he confesses also, that apart from the actual excitement of the chase, his life in Africa was a dreary exile. He was sore put to it "to kill time," as his frequent expression is. Let us hope that after the experience of these eight years he has become a more thoughtful man, and that he has now some purpose of using time aright instead of killing it. It is surely a pity that so much skill, pluck, and endurance should be displayed merely on the pleasures of the chase. If Mr. Baldwin produces another *African Journal*, we hope it will have a wider range and more useful tendency. If his pen refuses to write except about animals, let him in his next work tell more about their habits, and less about his own exploits.

INSIDE A PRINTING OFFICE.

II.

On revisiting the printing office in the afternoon, we may as well return to the composing-room, and just take a glance at the men employed at the long iron table in the middle, and who, as was stated in the former paper, are engaged in correcting. This business is the least pleasant of all the workman's labours, because it is not only a wearisome and back-aching process in itself, but it has to be done for nothing, as, of course, a workman is never paid for repairing his own blunders. The corrections which have to be made in the type have been marked on the proof by the "reader:" most of them are wrong letters or wrong signs of punctuation, or trifling omissions; such faults are readily amended by picking out the wrong types with a bodkin, and inserting the right ones; and this is what the compositor is doing as he bends over the form of type as it lies on the iron table. Occasionally, however, a careless workman has a more serious matter to deal with; it will happen that, owing to his carelessness or hurry, he has omitted a considerable portion of his copy, or, from the same cause, he has repeated a portion, setting up the same paragraph twice over. The effect of such mishaps as these is sometimes frightful, occasioning the workman many hours of tiresome labour to repair, the whole of which is time lost. On the whole, however, the work of the London compositor is remarkably free from errors; the discipline of the correcting processes teaching him, sooner or later, to exercise due caution.

Regarding ourselves as mere spectators, we may be said now to have done with the preparatory processes of arranging the types for the press, and may therefore proceed to witness the operations of those whose business it is to produce impressions from the types, or to print the broad sheets in any number, from hundreds to hundreds of thousands. The first person we have to do with is the paper-wetter; for, as everything that is printed is printed on damp paper, the damping or wetting is the first thing to be done. We find the wetter and his assistants in a slopy apartment on the ground-floor, furnished with a number of open troughs filled with water, with a few upright presses, and some solid

bulks capable of supporting a great weight. Huge piles of paper, already wetted, stand in different parts of the room, some under heavy weights, heaped upon them in order to force the moisture into every sheet; and other piles are, for the same purpose, undergoing still heavier pressure in the presses. The paper to be wetted down is brought in in reams: the wetter, taking a folded quire in his hand, dips it under water deliberately, and, laying it on a board covered with a clean wrapper, opens the quire, and, leaving a few sheets on the board, dips the remainder again. Each quire gets three or four dips, according to the absorbing quality of the paper, and, when all the quires have been dipped, the moist heap is placed under pressure in order that the water taken up may be equally distributed through the mass. In order to complete and to hasten this result, the heap, after standing a few hours, is turned over, the wet sheets brought into contact with the dry, and the whole pressed again; and in cases where the paper is of superior quality, this "turning," as it is called, has to be repeated several times. The wetter is a sort of amphibious animal; he dabbles in water to the shoulders all day long, and must be a stranger to the luxury of warm, dry clothing.

From the wetting-room the paper is taken to the press-room to be printed, and thither we will follow it. Like the composing-room, the press-room requires to be well lighted, and it is usual to find the presses ranged in a long row against a continuous window in an upper room, where ten or a dozen presses are going at once, each press being worked by two men: there is no other reason, however, for having the presses together, beyond the saving of space, which is economized by so placing them. The pressman is quite a different order of being from the compositor. He is sturdy and sinewy, and large-handed, and, like Longfellow's "Blacksmith," "the muscles of his brawny arms are strong as iron bands." His labour is a constant strain upon his bodily powers. Two hundred and fifty times in the hour he lays on his sheet, folds it down on the form, rolls in the bed of the press with the left hand until it is exactly under the "platen," or flat plate which gives the impression, pulls down the bar, or lever, which depresses the platen with his right hand, throws back the bar, rolls out the form with the left hand, lifts up the tympan, or framework containing the sheet, now printed, and lays the sheet on a bulk at his right. Imagine this ceremony repeated two hundred and fifty times an hour for ten or twelve hours a day, and you will have some idea of the exhaustive labours of the pressman. Nor are the duties of his companion, who supplies the type with ink for each impression, less laborious, while they are even more responsible, as any failure on his part would spoil the sheet. With these never-ending demands upon his physical energies, it is scarcely to be wondered at that the pressman believes in beer, and that he has recourse to it pretty freely to recruit his strength; he is, indeed, by far the best customer to the public-house, and often outnumbers in full quarts the modest half-pints of the compositor. In old days the pressmen were, and we fear deservedly, in very ill repute: the compositors shunned their society, and styled them "pigs;" they were notoriously drunkards, would leave their work half done for the sake of a fuddling-bout, were abusive beyond description, and often could not be induced to work for any consideration whatever. All that is much changed now for the better; the introduction of machinery brought many to their senses, and a wiser race have arisen under better influences. It is interesting to record that the machines, towards which the pressmen

showed the fiercest and most deadly hostility when they first came up, have been, more than anything else, the means of elevating the pressmen as a class. The steam engine and the printing cylinder relieved the men from their most laborious work, and left them at leisure to improve their methods of press-work: they have done that so effectually, that, at the present day, all the best English work is done at hand-presses, while the men who are able to do it well occupy a good position and earn high wages. The London printer of "fine work" is fully aware of the value of a good pressman, and is rarely willing to part with one who conducts himself with average propriety.

Descending into the machine-room, we find ourselves in the centre of such a racket and din as are at first bewildering to the senses. Cog-wheels and cranks are grinding and groaning, levers are plunging, straps are rattling and flapping, broad-sheets are fluttering and flying about, and boys and men are bawling to one another, while the atmosphere reeks with a flavour of combined oil and steam and printer's ink. We soon become familiar with the scene, however, and can note that the work is going on orderly and well. For printing by machinery, the type, instead of being pressed under a flat plate, imparts its impression by rolling under a cylinder upon which the paper is laid. This can be done so rapidly, that several thousand copies an hour can be thus rolled off; but as it takes some time to prepare, or "make ready" the machine for each new form of types, it is not worth while to print short numbers at machines. Small editions of books are therefore invariably worked by pressmen at the hand-press, while works which have a large circulation, and periodicals, some of which circulate over a hundred thousand, are as invariably worked by machine. The paper to be printed is laid on a board at one end of the machine, where a lad guides each of the sheets successively into the grasp of a set of grippers, which, acting like an artificial hand, draw it beneath the first cylinder, which in revolving over the type prints one side; before it can go under the second cylinder, to be printed on the other side, the sheet of course must be turned; this is done by sending it first over a smaller cylinder placed above and between the two larger ones, after which it is backed or "perfected" by passing under the second cylinder, and is received in a finished state by a boy, who seizes the sheets as fast as they are done, and lays them smooth. It must be obvious that everybody tending a machine must have enough to do while the work is going on, and that there is very little margin indeed for laxity or inattention.

The sheets being printed, whether by press or machine, have next to be dried. This is done by hanging them on those horizontal deal bars which you may have observed to traverse the whole width of every room in the office, near the ceiling; and it may not have escaped you, that where the ceiling is lofty these drying bars lie in rows three or four deep. The men who do the hanging are armed with long peels, or poles with cross-bars at the top, on which cross-bars they lay the sheets a few at a time, and then hoist them into their places. This work seems easy and simple enough; but in practice it is found that in an office where fifty different works are printing at a time, it is not always easy to discover where the different sheets have been hung; and the hangers are sometimes seen wandering about with their peels, "tasting" as it is called, that is, hoisting down specimen sheets and examining them, in search of some vagabond signature which has given them the slip.

But now the clock strikes five, and there is another

welcome pause in the working, for the enjoyment of what printers call "twankay time." Mrs. Grundy's emissaries, with Mrs. G. herself at their head, are swarming in with capacious cups of the "hot and wet" and prodigious pyramids of bread-and-butter, which soon melt down into empty plates as they traverse the ranks of composing frames and presses. Not a few, with aspirations above Mrs. Grundy, have boiled their own kettles and made their own brewst, clubbing together for the purpose in order to have it the stronger. There go the overseer's hot coffee and muffins, which is a sign that that gentleman is not going home to his meal. Presently the overseer himself comes into the composing-room, and makes inquiries of the clickers as to the progress of the work in hand. He is seen to lift his eyebrows, purse his lip, and shrug his shoulders; and when he is gone, a rumour begins to float about among the men, that they are likely to work all night. In half an hour the "twankay" has been discussed, and, as not a man has left the office during tea-time, all are at their work again when that period has expired.

We will take the opportunity, while the contingency of nightwork is yet uncertain, to descend into the warehouse, and see what is going on there. Here a number of men and boys, not a few of the reading-boys being among them, are engaged in laying the dried sheets between thin glazed boards, and placing huge piles of them in hydraulic presses, the powerful pressure of which imparts to the sheets a smooth and finished surface. Others are taking the pressed sheets from the boards, while some are collating the several sheets of a completed work, and making them up in separate quires ready for the bookbinder. The overseer of the warehouse superintends these several operations, and, being responsible for the delivery of perfect numbers, keeps a watchful eye that there be no furtive abstraction of so-called waste copies. In the case of pamphlets and such small matters as require only to be stitched, the services of the binder may be dispensed with, as the warehousemen and boys will fold the sheets and stitch them in less time than it would take to get them done by other hands.

We have now seen all the operatives of the printing-office at their labour, and have made the whole round of the premises, with the sole exception of the counting-house. This is not, like the counting-house of the merchant, filled with clerks busy at figures—a single clerk will often manage the accounts of a large establishment—it is rather the parlour of the firm, where they meet for the discussion of business matters, and where one or more of them is generally present during business hours. It is not to be approached without sufficient reason, and a workman seldom enters it unless he is sent for; he does not enter it even on pay-night for his wages, but is paid through a sliding trap in that window screened by the green gauze curtain. In fact, the workman had rather keep out of it—to him it is ominous of evil. If he be unpunctual, careless in his work, given to drinking out of doors, or to brawling within, he has an idea that these failings are known in the counting-house, and their outbursts chronicled against him, and, perhaps, he is not far wrong. If he is a "reader," he knows that copies of everything done go into the counting-house, and lie open to the inspection of eyes accustomed to judge with the utmost rigour, and that any moment he may be called to account for a blunder, even though it were one that escaped him months ago. So it comes to pass that the counting-house boy, who is the bearer of all summonses from this Rhadamanthine crypt, is watched by suspicious eyes as he sidles his way among the frames,

and men feel relieved when he has passed them by. From the counting-house proceed all those absolute fiats that must be obeyed—the limitation of holidays at Christmas, at Easter, at Whitsuntide, and at the "Wayzegoose" festival—the days for lighting candles and fires, etc., etc., and, worst of all, it is from the counting-house that come those fearful shafts of fate, the "bullet" and the "qui." These slang terms, discordant ever in typographic ears, are synonymous with the word "discharge," though each of them has its characteristic meaning. The "qui" is a contraction of *quietus est*, and denotes a discharge after due warning, owing to slackness of work; so that he who is only "qui"-ed may be engaged again when work is plentiful. The "bullet," on the other hand, denotes a discharge on the spot, for dishonesty or gross misconduct, by which a man is as it were "shot" suddenly out of the premises, never to enter them again.

Just now the overseer is in the counting-house with the young governor, consulting about certain work, and one of the clickers from the long-room is with them. Presently the clicker comes out, and a few minutes later the word has passed throughout the premises that the compositors are to work all night. No special notice is taken of this order, which most have been expecting, until a few minutes before eight, the usual hour of closing. Then a few of the older men, whose infirmities exempt them from nightwork, on preparing to go, are charged with messages which they will deliver on their way home to their comrades' wives—in consequence of which supper-time may bring the compositor's better half to his frame with a hot supper for his delectation. Few, however, are so favoured; but Mrs. Grundy, who scents the night-work from afar, supplies all deficiencies, and between nine and ten her active emissaries, redolent of broiled ham rashers and fragrant steaks, are flitting hither and thither with the welcome viands. As for the Ganymede from the "Cock," you may be sure he is not wanting; his pewter possets circulate right and left, and there is rather a free use of the half-pints and pints too, until the night is far advanced. Ganymede pays his last visit at five minutes before twelve, after which the law will not allow him to administer to the wants of his customers—a restriction which he at least does not regret.

Meanwhile the work goes on rapidly, and as the small hours creep on you may note that the jokes and the laughter, the banter and the gossip, sink by degrees into a silence which would be total but for the unceasing rattle of the types as they touch the composing-stick, and now and then an occasional pounding with a mallet as some one wedges up a form for the press. A sufficient number of readers have been retained in their closets to keep pace with the compositors, and as fast as the sheets are composed they are read and corrected, and finally despatched to press. The night-work on ordinary occasions finishes at six in the morning, at which hour the men go home, not to bed, but just "for forty winks and a dip," as they phrase it, returning to their post within an hour or thereabouts of the usual time.

Night-work is, of course, only resorted to (after a day of labour in itself sufficiently hard) in cases of urgency. The working printer is, however, far more liable to such demands upon his energies than are the generality of journeymen. Government printers have ere now kept their men employed for over fifty hours at a stretch, which would embrace over two consecutive days and nights. The same men have also worked for nearly two months, including the Sundays, from eight in the morning till eleven at night. It need hardly be said that the results, as regards health, are most lamentable; and it

is now acknowledged that instead of increasing their average earnings by such prolonged toil, they in reality diminish them.

VISIT TO THE SEVEN STAR ROCKS, SHIN-HING.

THE following communication is from a British resident in China, to whom we were indebted for the account of the disastrous typhoon inserted in a recent number (No. 574) :—

The Seven Star Rocks rise abruptly from a level plain, presenting a very rugged, black outline. They average about a quarter of a mile round, or rather more, and are composed of mountain limestone, which in some places becomes white marble, and is interspersed with blocks of white mica, felspar, quartz, etc. Their surfaces are extremely rugged, and bare of vegetation, except where temples are erected on the natural or artificial clefts.

I ascended to the top of one about two hundred feet high, and examined some of the temples. Idolatry seems to have a greater hold on the people's minds in that secluded spot than at Canton, about eighty miles off. The idols are very grand, and of immense size. Some are coated with copper, and stand about twenty feet in height. One has a thousand eyes and a thousand hands.

At the foot of one of these seven rocks is a cave. I entered it, and saw a truly beautiful sight. The entrance is some seven or eight feet high. An ornamental zigzag bridge enabled me to cross the muddy ground inside, and then I found myself in an immense cave, one hundred feet high, and about the same in diameter. Light is admitted through an opening in the upper part, where idols are placed to grant freedom from evil spirits to those who wish to penetrate further. Immense stalactites hang from the top of the cave, and no one of them is without its legend.

A large perforated stone, weighing perhaps two or three tons, is worn smooth by people beating their clothes over the orifice, a process which produced a hollow reverberating sound, attributed by the Chinese to the presence of genii. At a smaller orifice, a blow from the mouth, as in blowing a trumpet, produces a loud bugle-like sound. I tried my hand at it, but being afraid of slipping with my English soled shoes, I laid my hand on the stone for a support, and thus accidentally felt my breath coming out through another hole, and no sound could be produced when this was stopped up. This simple explanation of the sound, however, did not shake the Chinese in their faith in the presence of genii.

My Chinese companions having provided themselves with torches, and a supply of crackers to frighten away the evil spirits, we penetrated some two hundred yards further, through a dark cave about six feet high, dark and dreary. Then leaving this, I visited another of the rocks, and in course of conversation with a priest, I heard of a miraculous natural stone basin, which by some perfectly unaccountable means was always full of water, which never became stagnant, and which would be replenished in some miraculous manner, if it were emptied. I expressed a desire to see this basin, and easily obtained a guide. The entrance to the cave was very low, and I had to stoop to enter. After advancing about twenty or thirty yards, I had to take off my shoes and stockings, and waded knee-deep in water by torch-light, to a distance of more than a quarter of a mile underground. The muddy floor was covered with the

footprints of some wild animal with feet like a dog. On we went, the passage nearly blocked up sometimes with huge stalactites, the splashing of the muddy water sounding hollow and dismal.

But where is the miraculous basin? "Further and further," said my guide. He evidently wanted to shirk the basin; but I was inexorable, and persisted in seeing it, or in reviling his belief of its existence. The water is running along the ground, dropping from the roof, dripping down the sides, and I was shown a stone some eight feet by three, which being slightly hollowed on the top was full of water. "And is this the wonderful basin? Why, in this wet situation, the wonder would be if it were not always filled." My guide did not seem accustomed to such plain reasoning, for the Chinese receive all these marvellous stories without dreaming of entertaining a doubt of their truth. He was not going to be put off that way, though. If there was nothing extraordinary about the basin being always full of water, he was determined it should possess some other extraordinary quality. It was "prodigiously deep—no bottom could be reached." I struck the bottom with my stick, and showed that the depth was not more than eight inches. "On this side, yes," said the guide; "but on that side it is fearfully deep." I took the unpolite course of testing the depth of the other side, and found it the same exactly. The powers of marvellous invention in my guide were exhausted. The Chinese who accompanied me were all horrified at my want of faith in this wonderful basin.

They started off then to show me some other wonder—a miraculous well, awfully deep. As we went on, the cave widened out and increased in height, and the narrow stream consequently expanded to a small pond. I waded through it, carefully feeling my way so as to avoid slipping into the "awfully deep well." "Where is the well?" I asked. "Oh, you have just crossed it." And yet, notwithstanding the practical proof I had given of the falsity of their superstition, I verily believe my Chinese companions, obstinately shutting their eyes and ears to plain reason, still believed that these wonders existed. So extremely hollow is the religion of the Budhists.

But the extreme end of the cave was well worth seeing. Fish lived in the pond. Large numbers of bats were clinging to the sides and tops of the caves; and the stalactites and stalagmites, together with the wild confusion in which the rocks appeared to be placed on each other, all wet and slippery, and presenting in some places the exact appearance of petrified trees; the glare of the torches, the reflection on the water, the dark seclusion of the place, all combined to render the sight very impressive and beautiful. Our torches were nearly burnt out; so, amid great shoutings and clamour, we made our way again to the open air, where a friend of mine, a staunch old Budhist, was awaiting our return. He plainly attributed our failure in discovering the miraculous wonders of which we were in quest, to our own obstinate unbelief.

THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

DR. LIVINGSTONE thus wrote to Mr. Monk, of Cambridge, soon after the death of the lamented Bishop Mackenzie: "I shall not swerve one hair's-breadth from my work, and trust that the supporters of the mission at home will not fail either. Our good and loveable Bishop has not lived in vain." Such was the language of Christian heroism. Soon, alas! his faith and endurance had a

sorer trial. At the meeting of the British Association in October last, the following most touching letter was read from Dr. Livingstone. We give the whole letter, not the least striking feature in which is the lofty attention to duty even amid the distraction of sorrow.

"Shupanga, River Zambesi, April 29, 1862.

"MY DEAR SIR RODERICK MURCHISON.—With a sore, sore heart I must tell you of the loss of my much loved wife, whose form was laid in the grave yesterday morning. She died in Shupanga House on the evening of the 27th, after about seven days' illness. I must confess that this heavy stroke quite takes the heart out of me. Everything else that has happened only made me more determined to overcome, but with this sad stroke I feel crushed and void of strength. Only three short months of her society after four years' separation! I married her from love, and the longer I lived with her I loved her the more. A good wife and a good, brave, kind-hearted mother was she, and deserved all the praises you bestowed on her at our parting dinner, for teaching her own and the native children too at Kolobeng. I try to bow to the blow as from our Heavenly Father, who orders all things for us. Some may afford to be stoical, but I should not be natural if I did not shed many tears over one who so deserved them. I never contemplated exposing her in the lowlands. I proposed that the 'Nyassa' steamer should sail out, and on reaching Kongone cut wood and steam up the river. This involved but a few days in the lowlands; but another plan was preferred. She (the steamer) came in pieces in a brig. Gladly accepting the kind offer of Captain Wilson, of Her Majesty's ship 'Gorgon,' to help us up to the Murchison cataracts, we found by a month's trial that the state in which the engines were, precluded ascending the Shire with the pieces on board the 'Pioneer.' We were forced to put her together at Shupanga, and we have been three months instead of three or four days down here. Had my plan been adhered to—but why express useless regrets? All had been done with the best intentions. But you must remember how I hastened the first party away from the 'Delta,' and, though I saved them, got abused for breaking the Sabbath. Then I prevented Bishop Mackenzie's party landing at all till these same unhealthy months were past, and no one perished till the Bishop came down to the unhealthy lowlands and died. The Portuguese have taken advantage of the sanitary knowledge we have acquired, and send their troops up to Tete at once. They lost but two of a detachment, while formerly, by keeping them at Quilimane and Lenna, nearly all were cut off.

"I shall do my duty still, but it is with a darkened horizon I set about it. Mr. Rae put the hull of the new steamer together in about a fortnight after we brought up the keel. She looks beautiful and strong, and I have no doubt will answer all our expectations when we get her on the rake.

"Ever affectionately yours,

"DAVID LIVINGSTONE."

The noble woman, whose loss was thus announced in terms of humble submission and manly grief, was herself one of a missionary family, her brother having lately fallen a martyr in the same cause, and another brother, and her father, the venerable Robert Moffat, still labouring in Africa. The universal regret felt at the sad calamity is well expressed in an article in the "Daily Telegraph," from which we extract some passages:

"Her grave was dug under the large baobab tree, near the Shupanga House, and there we buried her." It is a sad and affecting scene, that of this courageous explorer, doomed on the very threshold of the fulfilment

of his hopes to lay under the African tree the high-hearted wife, who had come out to share his danger and his triumph. Those who travel most are not unfrequently bound to home by the closest affection; and this brave lady had dreams, it is most likely, of honour and respect awaiting her husband's return to England, and of a quiet and not unnoticed tomb for both, beneath its green turf. Now all is changed! For her there is the lonely grave dug in parched soil beneath the foreign foliage—far from her husband and her children, and distant even from the footsteps of any one of her own country or colour. No church bells or echo of Sabbath hymn will seem to waft a blessing over her remains, but the bark of the hyena and the roar of the lion will be their continual requiem. For him, too, how sombre a change has come over the horizon! Henceforward his path in life, as well as in the African forest, lies solitary; every step nearer to his goal must take him farther from the lonely spot where he has laid the courageous partner of his plans. Of such hard trials the history of exploration is full; and they that covet its crown must lay their account to bear crosses like this.

Impatience at an affliction so sudden and untoward may, perhaps, prompt the remark that in such an enterprise a woman has no business. But we demur to that easy moral, as neither worthy of the sex to which Mrs. Livingstone was an honour, nor of the undertaking in which she lost her life. Had it been idle curiosity or mere whim which took her to the dangerous plains of Africa, she would have our regret—not our admiration. But this was no such case; there was work to do, and a place vacant at Livingstone's side for his wife; and she did her duty in stepping forward to fill it. We do not counsel the same perilous devotion to every woman who has a hero for a husband. For the majority, the fireside is not only the fittest, but the most honourable place; and certainly the rough trials of the explorer's life are not those to which a woman should rashly expose herself. But if this noble lady saw her duty in joining her husband, we need not look very far for her work. It was more than half accomplished by her very presence, in introducing to the wild and ignorant tribes among whom Livingstone's mission lay, the face and form of a true English wife. It may be a light thing to us, but not to these Africans, that the English woman followed her husband over the jungle and the sea. They will have noticed and half worshipped the charity, the patience, the devotion, and the love of a nature which gilds so many homes in England, that we forget to wonder and be grateful for the blessed light. Even her grave will be a lesson almost worth such a life to teach; for prayers are weak and sermons worthless to the savage, compared with that spectacle which he has now seen, of the Christian tending the sick couch of his best-loved with constant care, and closing her eyes in the sublime sorrow which knows desolation, but not despair. May he not henceforward, when the village talk is of exposing in the wild some aged or dying relative, pause before that silent grave, and learn from it to hear the holy voice of nature and religion? So little would have seemed much to her who sleeps beneath it—as restful and quiet, after all, as though her task had not been accomplished so early, and her wages taken so soon. We have, indeed, nothing more precious to the State than the true-hearted women of whom Mrs. Livingstone was a type; but even these are well placed in India, in Africa, or wherever their duty leads them, when the gracious charm of their pure lives has passed before the eyes of the heathen, and their graves remain among them—a witness, a warning, and a token.